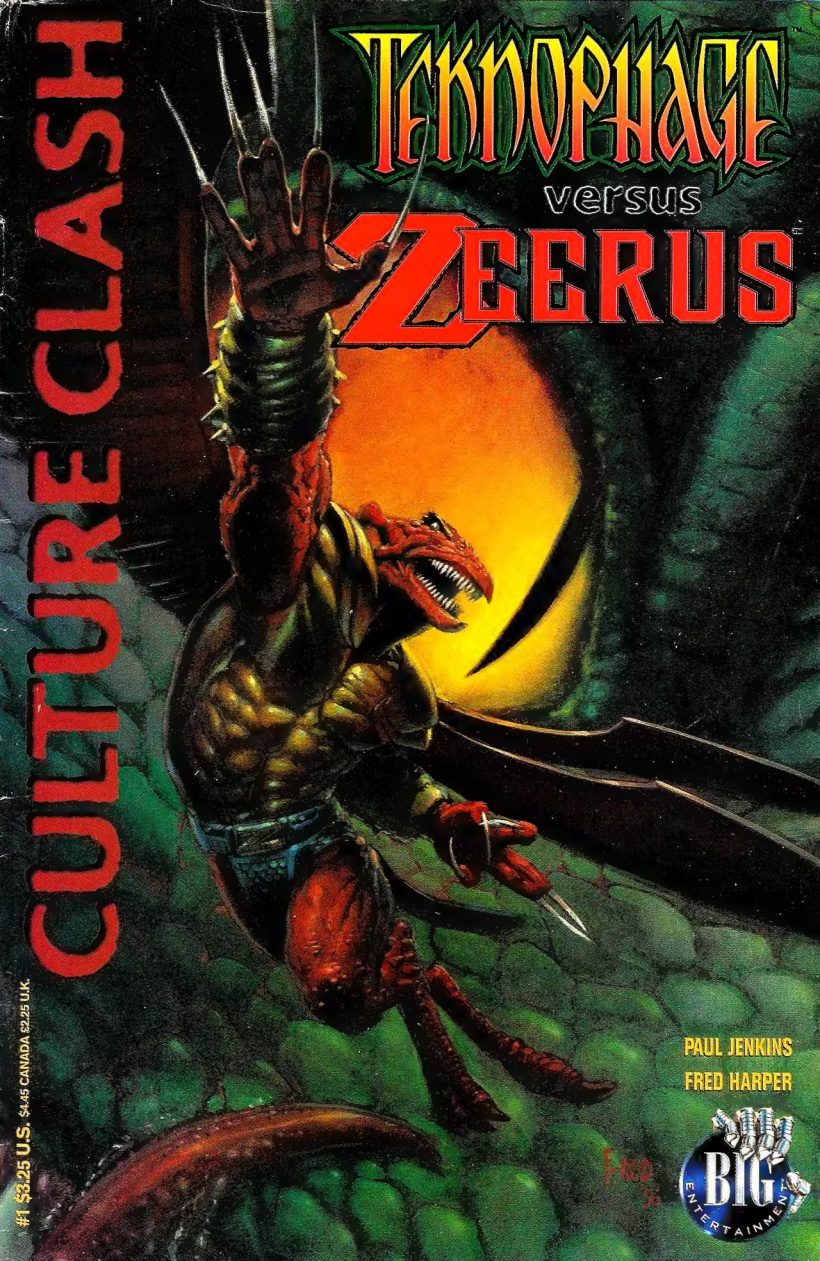
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MISTER HENRY PHAGE DREAMS IN VIVID, ANGRY COLOR.
HE REMEMBERS A WORLD HE ONCE KNEW NAMED KALIGHOUL.
HIS DREAM SPANS CENTURIES OF PERSONAL EVOLUTION, HEARKENING BACK TO EARLIER, SIMPLER TIMES.
IT WAS YOUNG AND GREEN THERE A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO. THAT WAS BEFORE THE FORESTS AND PLAINS WERE DESPOILED BY THE RAMPANT MARCH OF MISTER PHAGE'S TEKNOLOGY.
THAT WAS BEFORE ROW UPON ROW OF CHIMNEY-STACKS PIPED ACRID, BLACK SMOKE INTO THE AIR. THAT WAS BEFORE COLLECTION GUTTERS SPILLED ACID INTO THE LAKES.
THAT WAS WHEN THE WORLD WAS BEAUTIFUL.

BACK THEN, THERE WAS AN ABUNDANCE OF MUSCLE AND SINEW AND DANGEROUS FLESH.
A THOUSAND MILLION PREDATORS ROAMED THE LAND. THEIR EVERY ACTION GOVERNED SOLELY BY INSTINCT.
INDEED, A SPIFFING GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL.
AH, GLORIOUS TIMES INDEED, THINKS MISTER PHAGE. WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL MEMORIES...
ALAS, THOSE MEMORIES ARE FEWER AND FARTHER BETWEEN THESE DAYS. THE PREDATORS OF OLD HAVE LONG-SINCE RETIRED INTO EXTINCTION.
ONLY VERY OCCASIONALLY NOW, CAN A WISTFUL HENRY PHAGE REMEMBER HOW IT ALL USED TO FEEL....
CULTURE CLASH

Elsewhere (or should that be ELSETIME? Or, perhaps, elsewhen?), another person dreams.
Zeerus is a recent arrival--he's only just begun to make his mark on the universe.
Though, sometimes, he FEELS all of sixty-five million years old.

Young master Zeerus dreams of the FUTURE.
He dreams of a flight across light years, a recently rediscovered homeworld, a triumphant return to the fold.
And he imagines things the way things OUGHT to be...

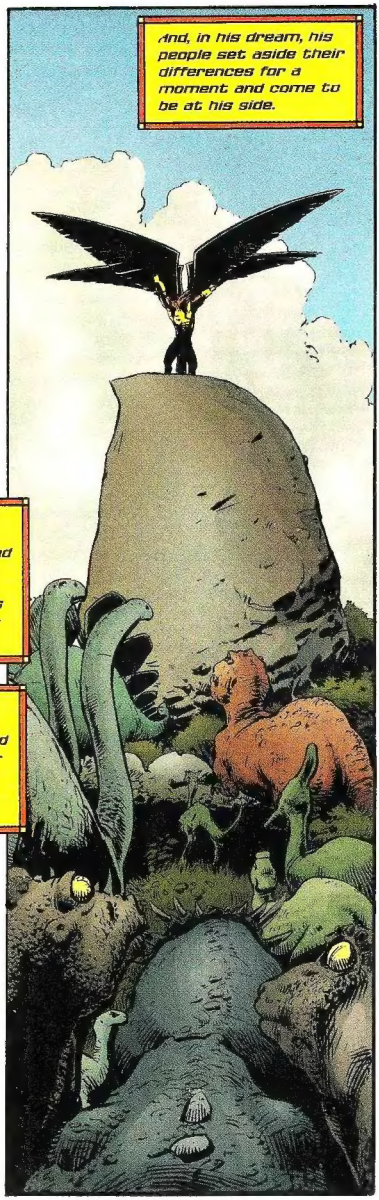
In Zeerus's dream, the air above Parmistan is warm and clear.

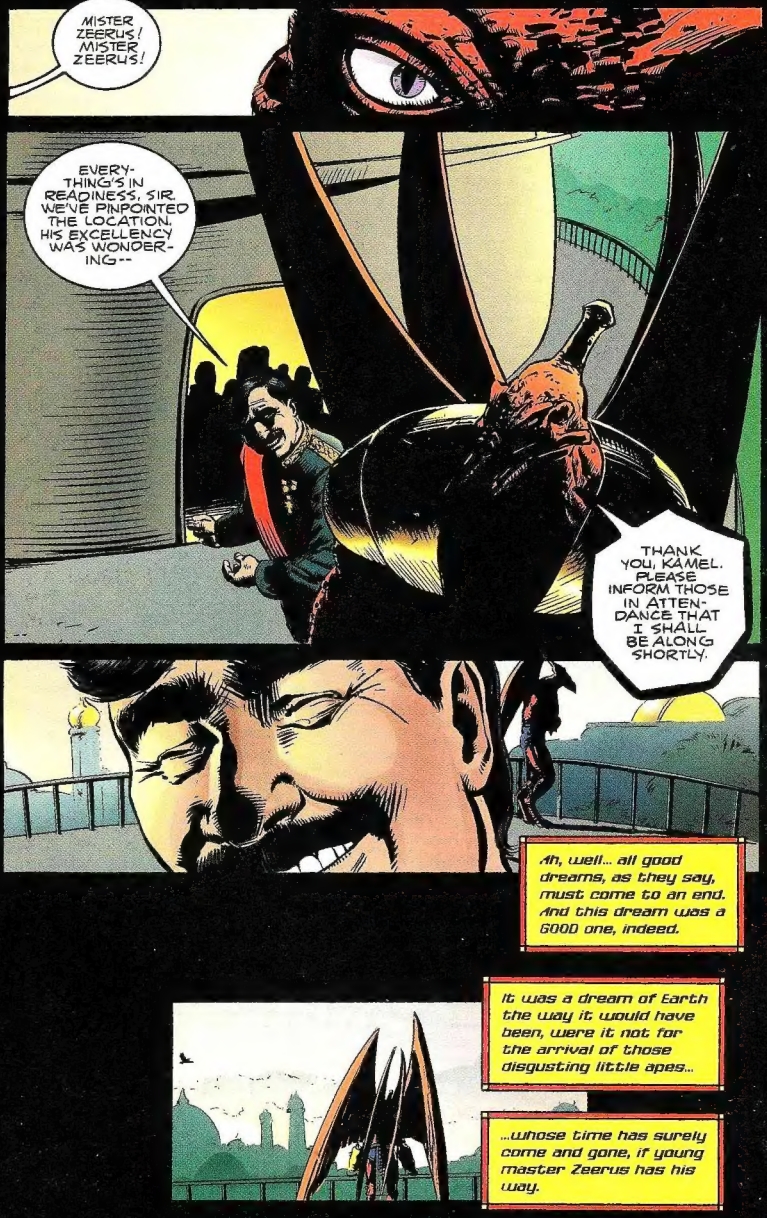
Parmistan isn't even called Parmistan... a place needs no name when its essence alone will suffice.

Young master Zeerus soars and swoops and calls to his brothers and sisters across the mountaintops.

He sings the story of the homeworld and hovers, enraptured on its sweet, honey breeze.

And, in his dream, his people set aside their differences for a moment and come to be at his side.




MISTER ZEERUS! MISTER ZEERUS!
EVERY-THING'S IN READINESS, SIR. WE'VE PINPOINTED THE LOCATION. HIS EXCELLENCY WAS WONDER-ING--
THANK YOU, KAMEL. PLEASE INFORM THOSE IN ATTEN-DANCE THAT I SHALL BE ALONG SHORTLY.
Ah, well... all good dreams, as they say, must come to an end. And this dream was a GOOD one, indeed.
It was a dream of Earth the way it would have been, were it not for the arrival of those disgusting little apes...
...whose time has surely come and gone, if young master Zeerus has his way.

...BEEN IN THERE FOR WEEKS, NOW. I'M TELLING 'ER, IT'S ALL RIGHT.
NOT ON YOUR BLOOMIN' LIFE, PORRIGE!
MISTER PHAGE DON'T COME OUT TILL 'E'S GOOD AN' READY, AND NO ONE GOES IN T' GET 'IM, EITHER.
WELL, I'LL BLOODY WAKE 'IM UP, THEN--
OH, BLIMEY.

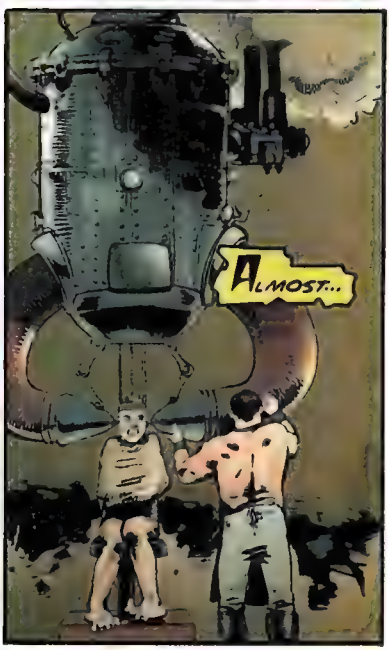
IT WAS 'IM.
IT WAS 'IM.
IT WAS 'IM.
AH, THE IDIOTS' DAWN CHORUS. NEVER FEAR, CHAPS--YOU'RE RELATIVELY EASY TO IGNORE, YOU KNOW.
AND SINCE I ASSUME YOU ARE HERE FOR A REASON, WE SHALL OVERLOOK YOUR INDISCRETION JUST THIS ONCE, HMM?
OH, UMMM ...RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR.
NOW THEN, WHAT NEWS OF OUR EMPIRE, HEGGIS?
WELL, IT'S PUT US ALL IN A TIZZY, MISTER PHAGE. WORD CAME UP FROM R&D THIS AFTERNOON, SEE?
ACCORDIN' TO TH' BOYS, WE'VE FINALLY FOUND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SEARCHIN' FOR....

A FELLOW CAN HARDLY EXPECT TO COMPETE IN TODAY'S INDUSTRIAL CLIMATE UNLESS HE'S PREPARED TO SPECIALIZE
IT'S A SMASHING PLACE IS RED
WITH THIS IN MIND, MISTER HENRY PHAGE SPENDS A TOY SUM EACH YEAR IN RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT
HERE, THE SHARPEST MINDS IN THE EMPLOY OF THE "GREAT MAN" ARE HARD AT WORK DISSECTING THE VERY FABRIC OF HUMANITY
COUNTLESS TEST SUBJECTS ARE POKED, PRODDED, GOUGED, BRANDED, SPINDLED, FOLDED AND MUTILATED
ALL IN THE NAME OF A VERY INEXACT SCIENCE.
MISTER PHAGE HE REALLY PUTS THEM THROUGH THE WRINGER

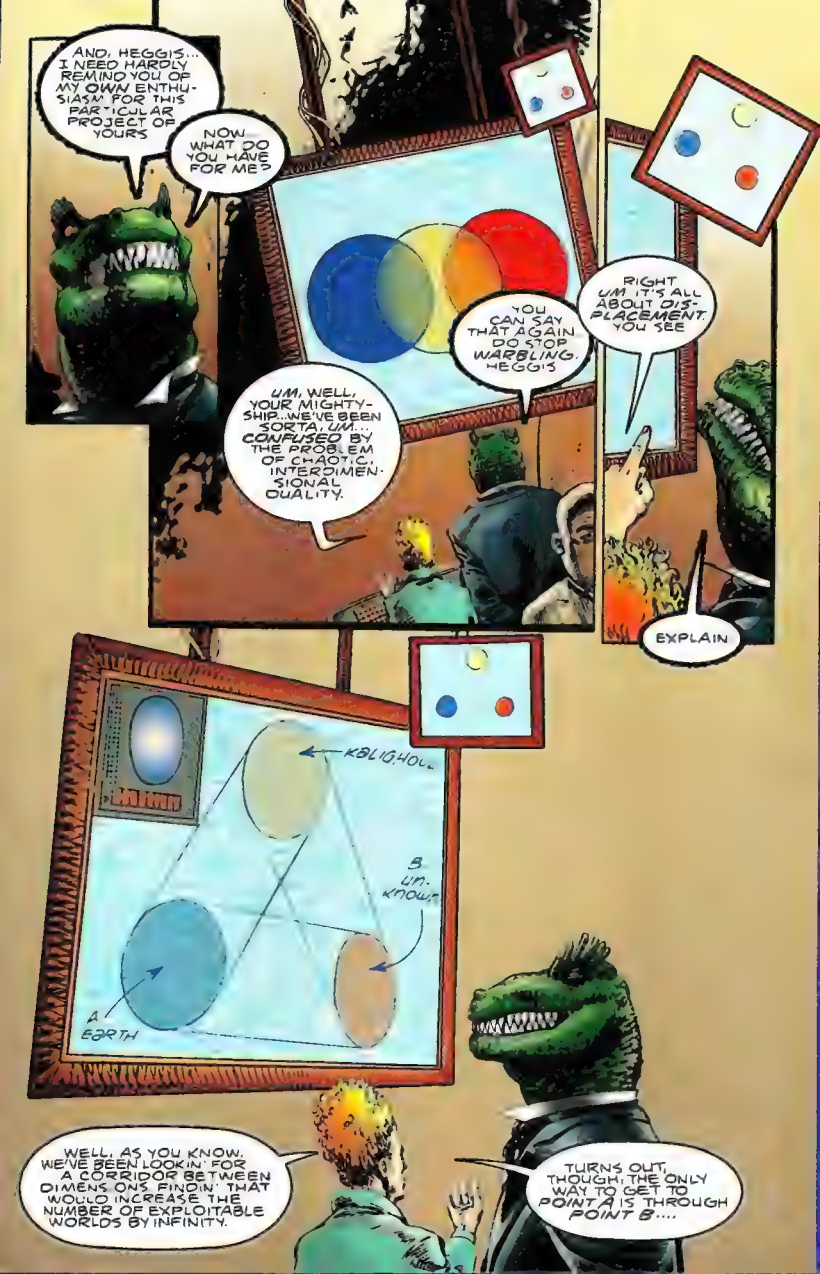
AT PRESENT, MOST OF THE BOFFINS ARE HARD AT WORK ON A RATHER INTERESTING STUDY
THEY'VE BEEN EXAMINING THE VARIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS INDUCED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF KOFFUP INTO A CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT

KOFFUP SALVES HAVE BEEN APPLIED TO OPEN WOUNDS; KOFFUP EXTRACTS HAVE BEEN FORCE-FED TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM PALSY, DROPSY, SCURVY AND BAD HUMOURS

IN FACT, THE CHAPS HAVE EXHAUSTED ALMOST ALL POSSIBILITIES


ALMOST...

AH! I MUST SAY IT DOES A CHAP'S HEART GOOD TO SEE SUCH ENTHUSIASM IN HIS EMPLOYEES....

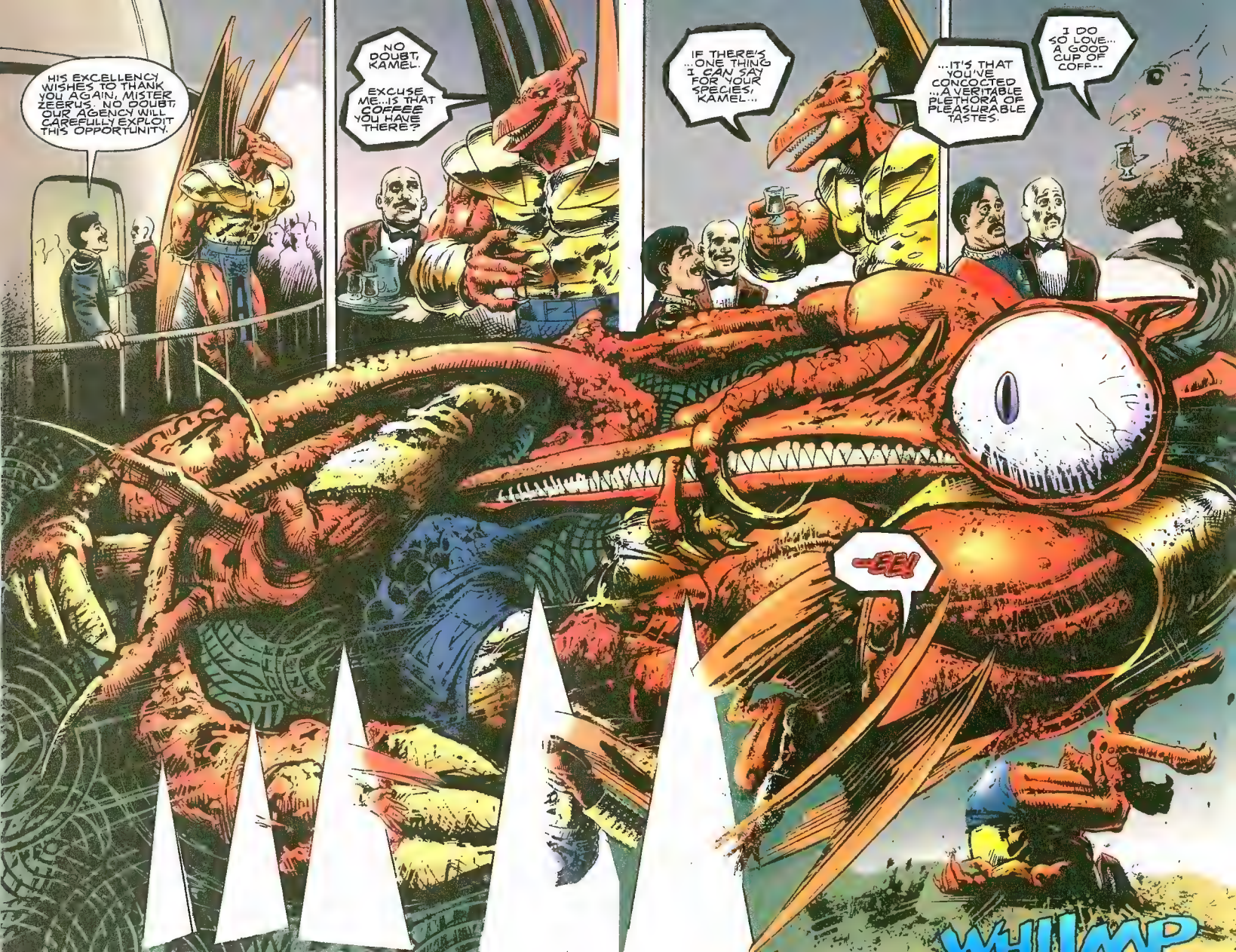

AND, HEGGIS... I NEED HARDLY REMIND YOU OF MY OWN ENTHUSIASM FOR THIS PARTICULAR PROJECT OF YOURS
NOW WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?
UM, WELL, YOUR MIGHTYSHIP...WE'VE BEEN SORTA, UM... CONFUSED BY THE PROBLEM OF CHAOTIC INTERDIMENSIONAL DUALITY.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. DO STOP WARBLING, HEGGIS
RIGHT. UM, IT'S ALL ABOUT DISPLACEMENT, YOU SEE
EXPLAIN
KBLIGHOUL
B. UM. KNOWN
A EARTH
WELL, AS YOU KNOW, WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR A CORRIDOR BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, FINDIN' THAT WOULD INCREASE THE NUMBER OF EXPLOITABLE WORLDS BY INFINITY.
TURNS OUT, THOUGH, THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO POINT A IS THROUGH POINT B....

I SEE. SO, IN ORDER TO MAKE CONTACT WITH A BEING IN ONE DIMENSION, BOTH *THAT* BEING AND MYSELF WOULD HAVE TO MEET IN THE MIDDLE.
YOU'RE A *SHARP* ONE, MISTER PHAGE, AN' NO MISTAKE. YOU AN' A CREATURE OF EQUAL MASS WOULD HAVE TO BE TRANSPORTED THROUGH THE PORTAL AT TH' SAME TIME.
YOU'D BOTH ARRIVE AT A PLANET MID-WAY BETWEEN DIMENSIONS AND --
MISTER PHAGE! OVER 'ERE, SIR! WE'VE FOUND IT!
UM, RIGHT. BUT I WANT T' MAKE IT *CLEAR*, SIR. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND WHEN YOU GO THROUGH THE PORTAL.
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, HEGGIS.

ONE DOESN'T EXPLOIT A BAZILLION NEW UNIVERSES WITHOUT SOILING ONE'S HANDS OCCASIONALLY. NOW, THEN...
"... I TAKE IT THIS DISTURBANCE IS THE MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION POINT YOU'RE REFERRING TO? BUT IF WE ADJUST THE SCOPE JUST SO...
"VOILA! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, GENTLEMEN, WE ARE LOOKING AT AN ALTERNATE VERSION OF THE PLANET EARTH.
"WELL, NOW... THIS IS INTERESTING.
"I'D HAZARD A GUESS THAT WE'VE FOUND OUR CREATURE OF EQUAL MASS..."

MY DEAR FRIENDS... PLEASE BE SURE TO THANK... HIS EXCELLENCY FOR THIS... IMPRESSIVE GATHERING OF LUMINARIES.
IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER ZEERUS, HIS EXCELLENCY WISHES TO DEMONSTRATE YET ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF SUPERIOR PARMISTINIAN TECHNOLOGY TO OUR ESTEEMED GUEST.
UP HERE, THE MOST POWERFUL VIEWING SCOPE IN ALL OF PARMISTAN HAS BEEN TRAINED UPON THE BOUNDLESS VASTNESS OF SPACE, IN HONOR OF YOUR VISIT.
IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU WILL FIND THAT WE HAVE PINPOINTED THE APPROXIMATE VICINITY OF YOUR HOME STAR TO WITHIN FIVE LIGHT YEARS.
ARE YOU NOT OVERAWED, MISTER ZEERUS?
WORDS FAIL ME, KAMEL.

AT LAST...A THOUSAND EARTHS ARE MINE FOR THE TAKING. OPEN THE PORTAL.
B-BUT, MISTER PHAGE, WE AIN'T TESTED IT YET--!
DON'T WORRY, HEGGIS. IF IT DOESN'T WORK PROPERLY...
...REST ASSURED, I SHALL BE BACK TO POINT OUT THE FLAWS IN YOUR DESIGN.
OH! I SAY...
...HOW MARVELOUS!


HIS EXCELLENCY WISHES TO THANK YOU AGAIN, MISTER ZEERUS. NO DOUBT, OUR AGENCY WILL CAREFULLY EXPLOIT THIS OPPORTUNITY.
NO DOUBT, KAMEL.
EXCUSE ME...IS THAT COFFEE YOU HAVE THERE?
IF THERE'S ...ONE THING I CAN SAY FOR YOUR SPECIES, KAMEL...
...IT'S THAT YOU'VE CONCOCTED ...A VERITABLE PLETHORA OF PLEASURABLE TASTES.
I DO SO LOVE... A GOOD CUP OF COFF--
-EE!
WHUMP

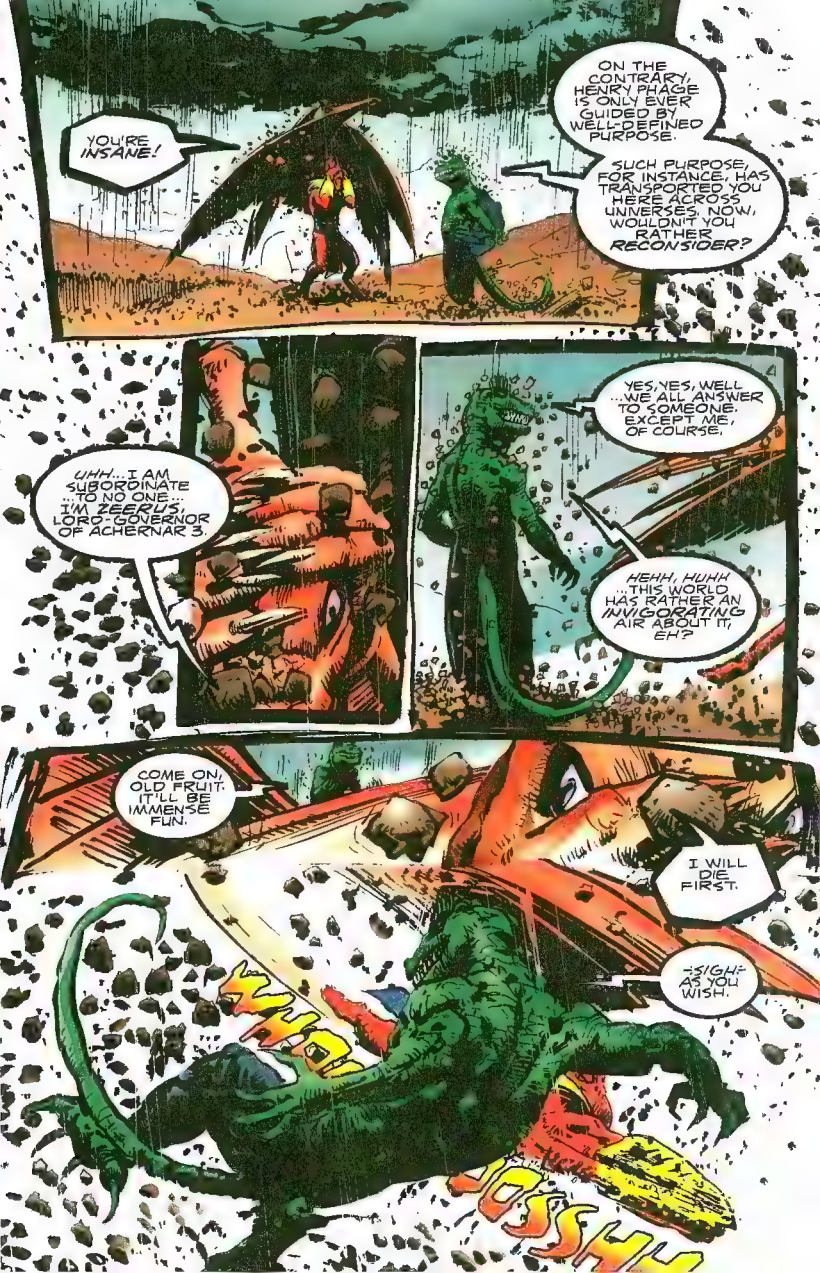
I HAVE NO IDEA.
WH... WHAT?
WHERE WE ARE. I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA. SORRY.
HOWEVER, MY BOFFINS HAVE INFORMED ME THAT THIS PLACE EXISTS IN A RATHER CONVENIENT PARALLEL DIMENSION, HALFWAY BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND MINE.
THAT IS TO SAY, WE'RE BOTH A RATHER LONG WAY FROM HOME. I BROUGHT YOU HERE, THE TRUTH BE TOLD.
WHY?
TO MAKE A PROPOSI-TION.

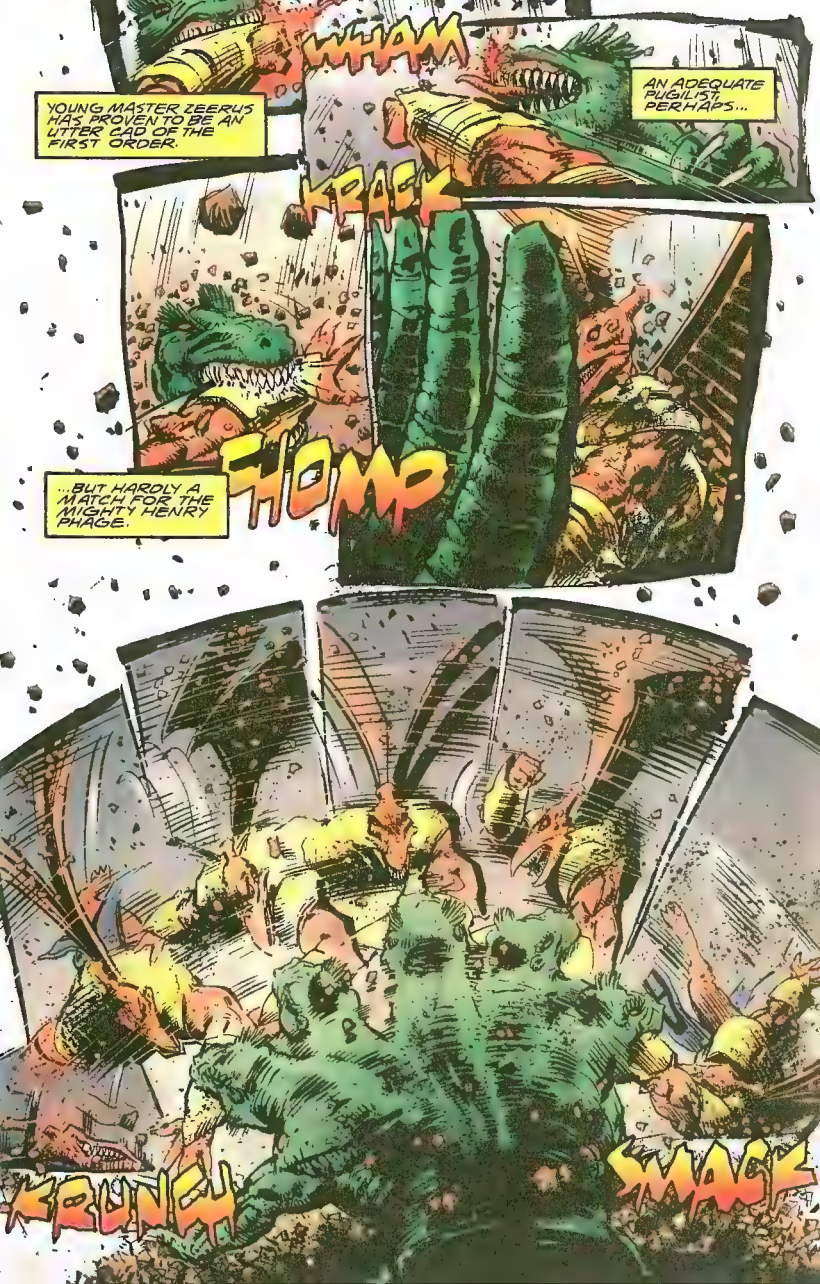
I NEED A GOOD GENERAL, YOU SEE. THE WORLD YOU INHABIT... WELL, I'VE HAD MY EYE ON ONE JUST LIKE IT FOR SOME TIME NOW.
I'M PLANNING TO INVADE AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY...
...AND A STRONG, SENSIBLE CREATURE, SUCH AS YOURSELF, MIGHT BE.
...THE VERY ALLY I NEED TO ESTABLISH A FIRM BEACH-HEAD.
SO, MY DEAR CHAP ...WHAT DO YOU SAY, HMM?
NEVER!

-HNR- I RATHER HOPED YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
NATURALLY, ONE MUST TAKE A FIRM STANCE WHEN IT COMES TO MATTERS OF INSUBORDINATION.
MISTER PHAGE IS UNDERSTANDABLY MIFFED BY THE REACTION OF YOUNG MASTER ZEERUS...
...AND SO HE SETS ABOUT GIVING THE ROTTER A JOLLY GOOD THRASHING!

=HHUKKK=
DYING HERE IS YOUR ONLY ALTERNATIVE, YOU IDIOT.
THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE A CERTAIN IRONY ABOUT IT, DON'T YOU AGR--NNN!
GRAHH!
KRAK
DOOM
YOU KNOW, I SHALL RATHER ENJOY BEATING YOU INTO COWERING SUBMISSION, BIRO-MAN.
PRAY TO YOUR GOD ...THAT YOU'LL SURVIVE IT, LIZARD.
UM.

BY MY ANCESTORS ...WHAT IS THIS INFERNAL PLACE?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I LIKE IT!


YOU'RE INSANE!
ON THE CONTRARY, HENRY PHAGE IS ONLY EVER GUIDED BY WELL-DEFINED PURPOSE.
SUCH PURPOSE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS TRANSPORTED YOU HERE ACROSS UNIVERSES. NOW, WOULDN'T YOU RATHER RECONSIDER?
UHH...I AM SUBORDINATE ...TO NO ONE... I'M ZEERUS, LORD-GOVERNOR OF ACHERNAR 3.
YES, YES, WELL ...WE ALL ANSWER TO SOMEONE. EXCEPT ME, OF COURSE.
HEHH, HUHH ...THIS WORLD HAS RATHER AN INVIGORATING AIR ABOUT IT, EH?
COME ON, OLD FRUIT. IT'LL BE IMMENSE FUN.
I WILL DIE FIRST.
-SIGH- AS YOU WISH.
WHOOSH


WHAM
AN ADEQUATE PUGILIST, PERHAPS...
YOUNG MASTER ZEERUS HAS PROVEN TO BE AN UTTER CAD OF THE FIRST ORDER.
KRAK
...BUT HARDLY A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTY HENRY PHAGE.
KRUNCH
SMACK

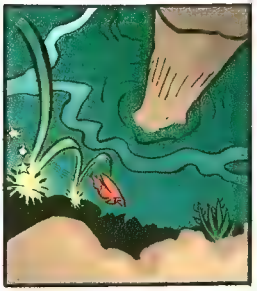
ALAS, THESE ENJOYABLE FRAYS, IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MISTER HENRY PHAGE, ARE USUALLY ALL TOO BRIEF.
INDEED, THIS PARTICULAR BOUT IS MADE EVEN SHORTER BY THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CERTAIN CARNIVOROUS VEGETABLE, WHICH TAKES QUITE A SHINE TO YOUNG MASTER ZEERUS' LEG.
AAH! WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE...IS THIS?
WHAT ROTTEN LUCK! INSANE, DESPOTIC LIZARDS TO THE LEFT OF HIM, WIRE-BARBED, VORACIOUS VEGETATION TO THE RIGHT OF HIM.
FOR MASTER ZEERUS, THERE IS TIME ONLY FOR A MOMENT OF PANIC...

...BECAUSE, OF COURSE, SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE.
TWANG
THE DAY HAS NOT GONE WELL. THE YOUNG MASTER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED, HARASSED, CHOKED, PUNCHED AND INSULTED...
...AND, FINALLY, IMMOBILIZED IN A VEGETABLE COCOON.
IT'S BEEN A BLOODY AWFUL AFTERNOON, ON THE FACE OF IT.
TCH. FAR TOO EASY.

YOUNG MASTER ZEERUS' GRAND ADVENTURE

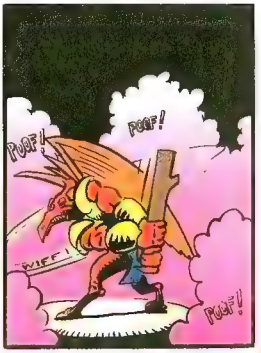
(BEING FROM THE RECOLLECTION OF THE AFOREMENTIONED; A DIARY OF EVENTS TAKING PLACE UPON AN UNKNOWN PLANET)

AFTER NARROWLY SURVIVING HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE REDOUBTABLE HENRY PHAGE, MASTER ZEERUS AND HIS NEW, PLANT-LIKE COMPANION FOUND THEMSELVES HURTLING TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF A VERY DEEP GORGE.

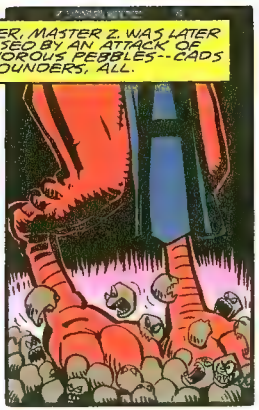


OUR HERO IMMEDIATELY ESCAPED A THRASHING AT THE HANDS OF SOME DECIDEDLY ROUGH-LOOKING INDIVIDUALS...

...WHO PROVED THEMSELVES TO BE COMPLETE COWARDS, SCAMPERING AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE.



HOWEVER, MASTER Z. WAS LATER SURPRISED BY AN ATTACK OF CARNIVOROUS PEBBLES--CADS AND BOUNDERS, ALL.



WHAT DEUCED BAD LUCK, HE WAS FORCED TO CONCEDE.

THE NATIVES IN THESE PARTS IMMEDIATELY PROVED THEMSELVES TO BE MOSTLY UNFRIENDLY TYPES.

PUNCH

LIKE ANY TREK THROUGH FOREIGN CLIMES...

...THIS ADVENTURE WAS CERTAINLY HAVING ITS UPS AND DOWNS.

POP

WORKING HIS WAY BACK UP THE SIDE OF THE RAVINE, THOUGH, GAVE OUR HERO TIME TO PONDER CERTAIN WEIGHTY MATTERS.

FIRST, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE PLACE WAS EXACTING QUITE A TOLL ON THE OLD GREY MATTER.

BONK

BONK

BONK

THE HALLUCINOGENIC PROPERTIES OF THE PLANT WERE BEGINNING TO WEAR OFF, AND YET, ZEERUS FOUND HIS MIND **DEGENERATING** AT EVERY NEW INCH OF THE CLIMB.

OUR HERO WAS GRADUALLY LOSING HIS SENSE OF SELF --AND A SAURIAN SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION WAS NOW COMING TO THE FORE.

AS SENTIENCE WANED AND INSTINCT TOOK OVER, A THOUGHT OCCURRED TO YOUNG MASTER ZEERUS--

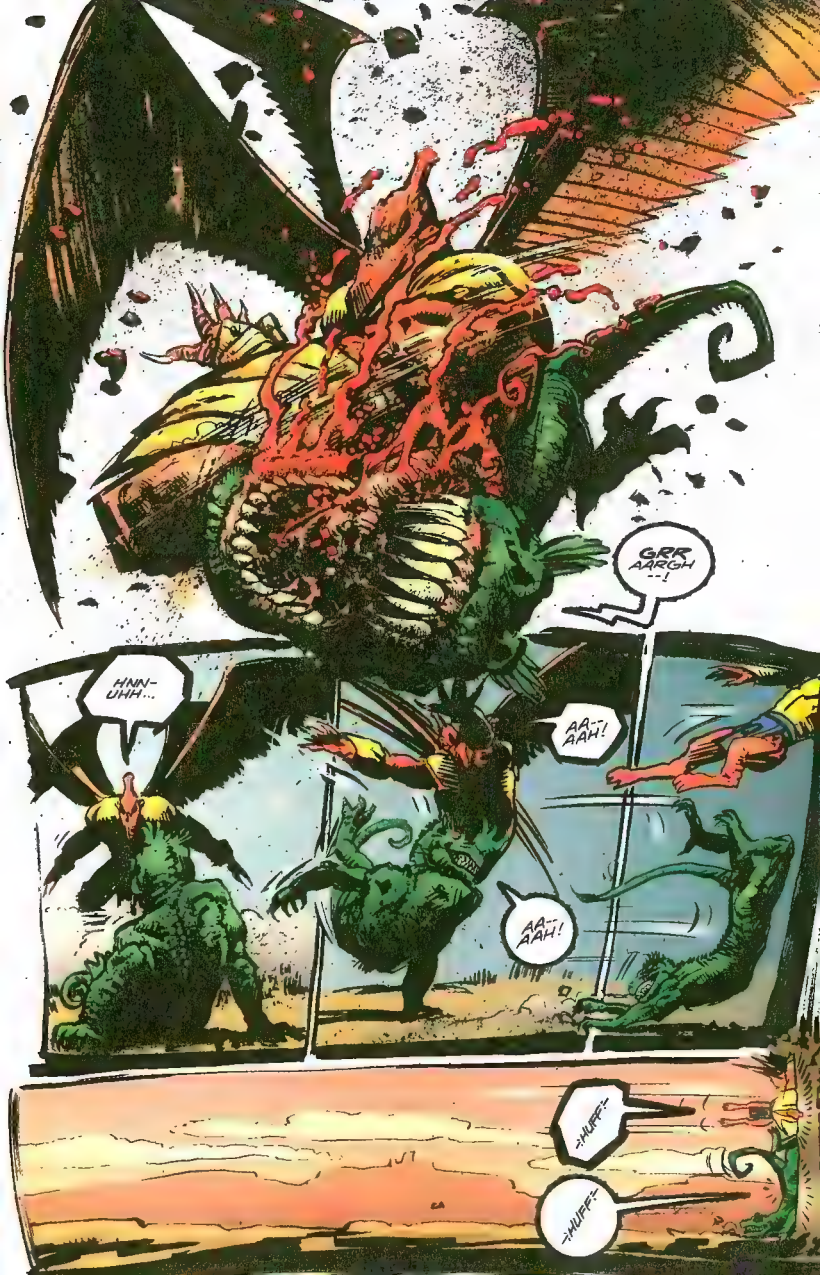
--IT HAD BEEN DAYS, PERHAPS, SINCE THE GRAND ADVENTURE HAD BEGUN. WASN'T THERE BUSINESS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO ATTEND TO AT THE TOP?

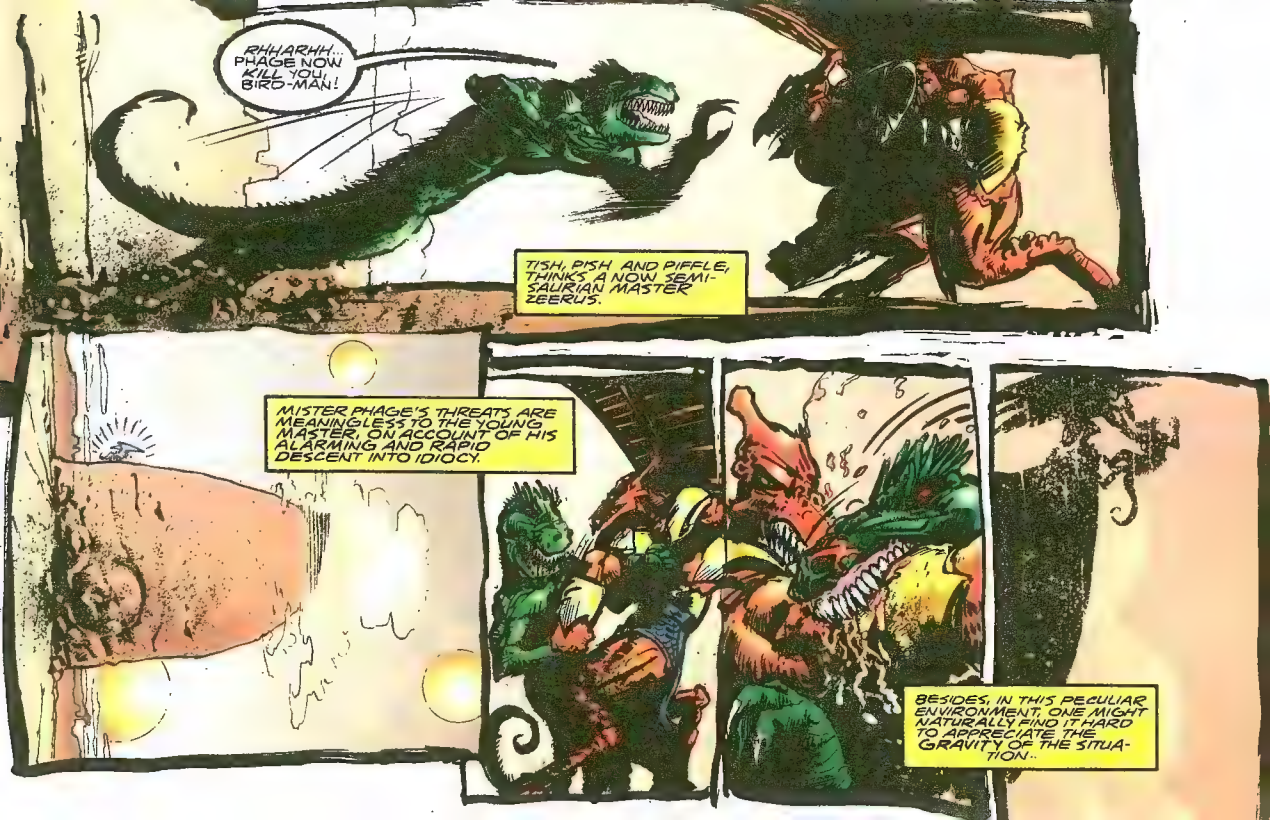
OH, YES.

HUARRGH

HAD MISTER PHAGE AND MASTER ZEERUS GIVEN THEMSELVES PAUSE FOR REFLECTION...
(...AND HAD THEY NOT BEGUN TO QUICKLY REGRESS TO AN EARLIER, MORE PRIMITIVE VERSION OF THEIR RESPECTIVE SPECIES, THANKS TO THE EFFECTS OF BOTH THE STRANGE, NEW PLANET AND THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL LEAP...)
...AND HAD THIS WORLD HAD A RELIABLE POSTAL SERVICE, WHICH YOU DON'T SEE ANYWHERE THESE DAYS...
...THE ENTIRE SITUATION MIGHT HAVE GIVEN RISE TO A RATHER AMUSING POSTCARD FOR THE CHAPS BACK HOME.

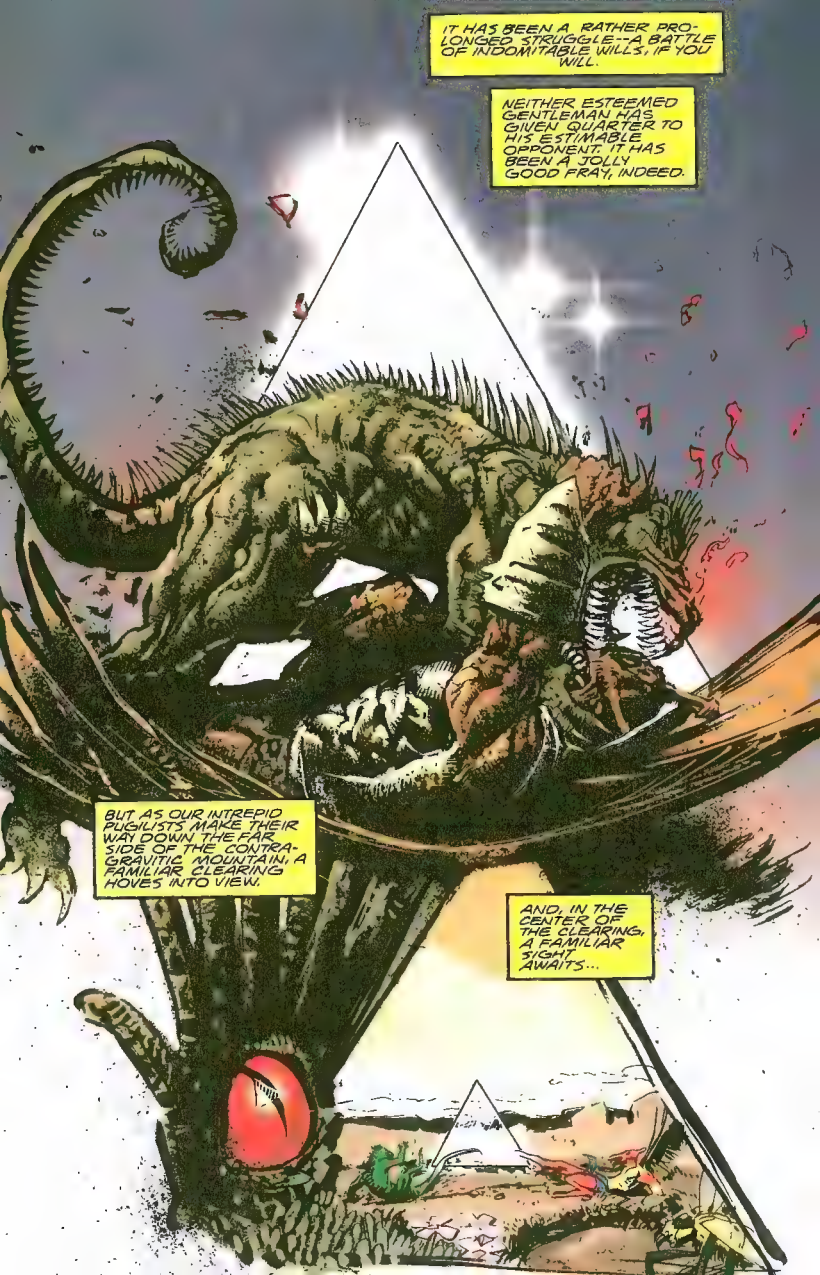
THE MISSIVE WOULD HAVE GONE SOMETHING LIKE THIS:
DEVOLVING RATHER NICELY, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. WISH YOU WERE HERE.

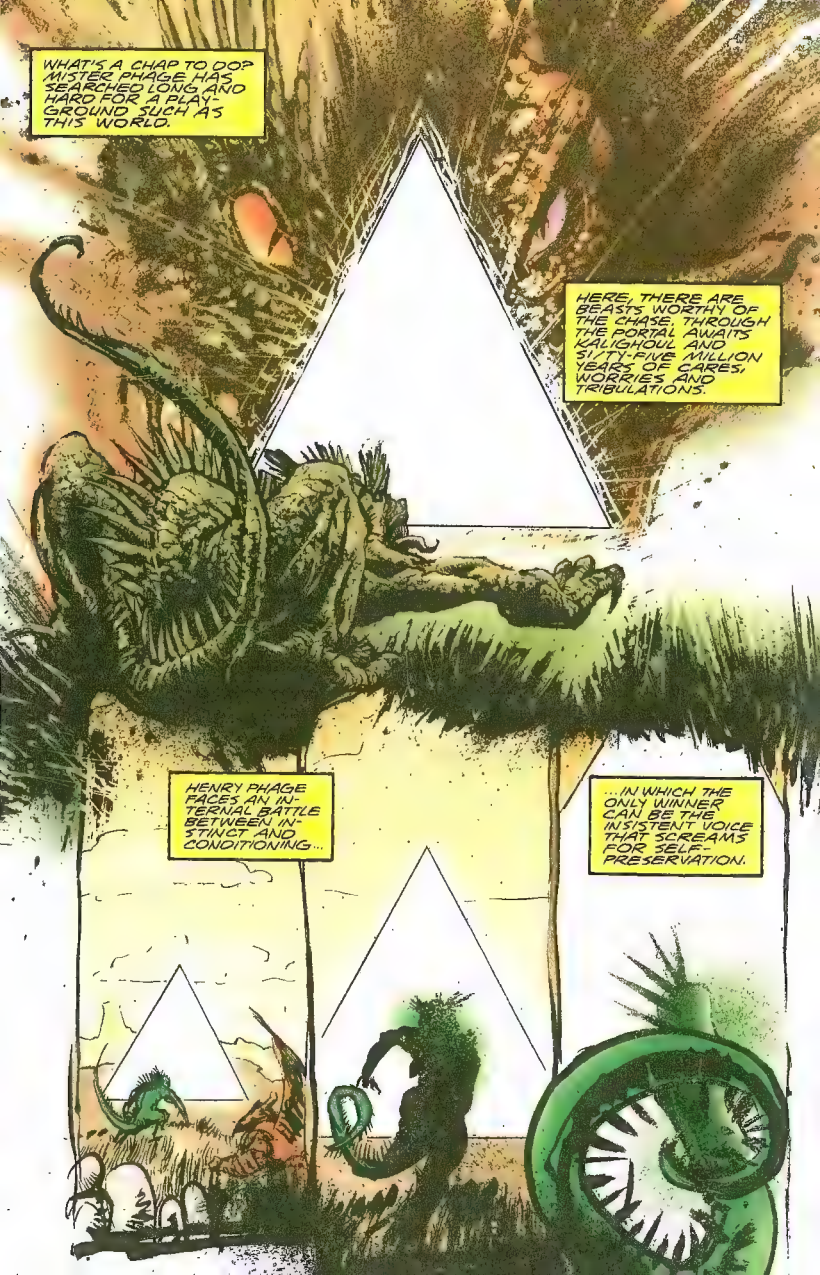

GRR AARGH ---!
HNN-UHH...
AA-AAH!
AA-AAH!
-HUFF-
-HUFF-


RHHARHH.. PHAGE NOW KILL YOU, BIRD-MAN!
TISH, PISH AND PIFFLE, THINKS A NOW SEMI-SAURIAN MASTER ZEERUS.
MISTER PHAGE'S THREATS ARE MEANINGLESS TO THE YOUNG MASTER, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS ALARMING AND RAPID DESCENT INTO IDIOCY.
BESIDES, IN THIS PECULIAR ENVIRONMENT, ONE MIGHT NATURALLY FIND IT HARD TO APPRECIATE THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION..

SHWAM
KRUNCH

SSSHRIP!
SWKSH


IT HAS BEEN A RATHER PROLONGED STRUGGLE--A BATTLE OF INDOMITABLE WILLS, IF YOU WILL.
NEITHER ESTEEMED GENTLEMAN HAS GIVEN QUARTER TO HIS ESTIMABLE OPPONENT. IT HAS BEEN A JOLLY GOOD FRAY, INDEED.
BUT AS OUR INTREPID PUGILISTS MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE FAR SIDE OF THE CONTRA-GRAVITIC MOUNTAIN, A FAMILIAR CLEARING HOVES INTO VIEW.
AND, IN THE CENTER OF THE CLEARING, A FAMILIAR SIGHT AWAITS...


WHAT'S A CHAP TO DO? MISTER PHAGE HAS SEARCHED LONG AND HARD FOR A PLAY-GROUND SUCH AS THIS WORLD.
HERE, THERE ARE BEASTS WORTHY OF THE CHASE. THROUGH THE PORTAL AWAITS KALIGHOUL AND SIXTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS OF CARES, WORRIES AND TRIBULATIONS.
HENRY PHAGE FACES AN INTERNAL BATTLE BETWEEN INSTINCT AND CONDITIONING...
...IN WHICH THE ONLY WINNER CAN BE THE INSISTENT VOICE THAT SCREAMS FOR SELF-PRESERVATION.

:HA-UFF:-
AH-HUH.
MISTER PHAGE! BLIMEY, YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR WEEKS-- WE THOUGHT YOU WAS GONE FOR GOOD. SIR! WHAT 'APPENED--?
HUSSSS
I WISH TO BE LEFT ALONE AT THIS TIME.

--EE!
MISTER ZEERUS, IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? YOU SEEMED TO, UM... FLIT AWAY FOR A MOMENT.
EVERY-THING IS FINE, KAMEL.
IT IS A...NATURAL TRAIT OF MY SPECIES. WE SEEM TO...DISAPPEAR FROM TIME TO TIME.
WELL, I THANK THE STARS YOU ARE NOT ADVERSELY AFFECTED BY THIS, MISTER ZEERUS.
ON THE CONTRARY, KAMEL. IT WAS A MOST... PLEASURABLE EXPERIENCE, INDEED.

AH, YES... PLEASURABLE, INDEED.

PERHAPS LESS SO FOR MISTER PHAGE, WHO COULD FIND NEITHER COURAGE NOR CONVICTION WHEN FACED WITH THE REALITY OF A SIMPLER EXISTENCE.

BUT, FOR MASTER ZEERUS, A REAFFIRMATION OF PURPOSE-- A REMINDER OF THE REASON WHY HE SUFFERS DAILY INDIGNITIES...

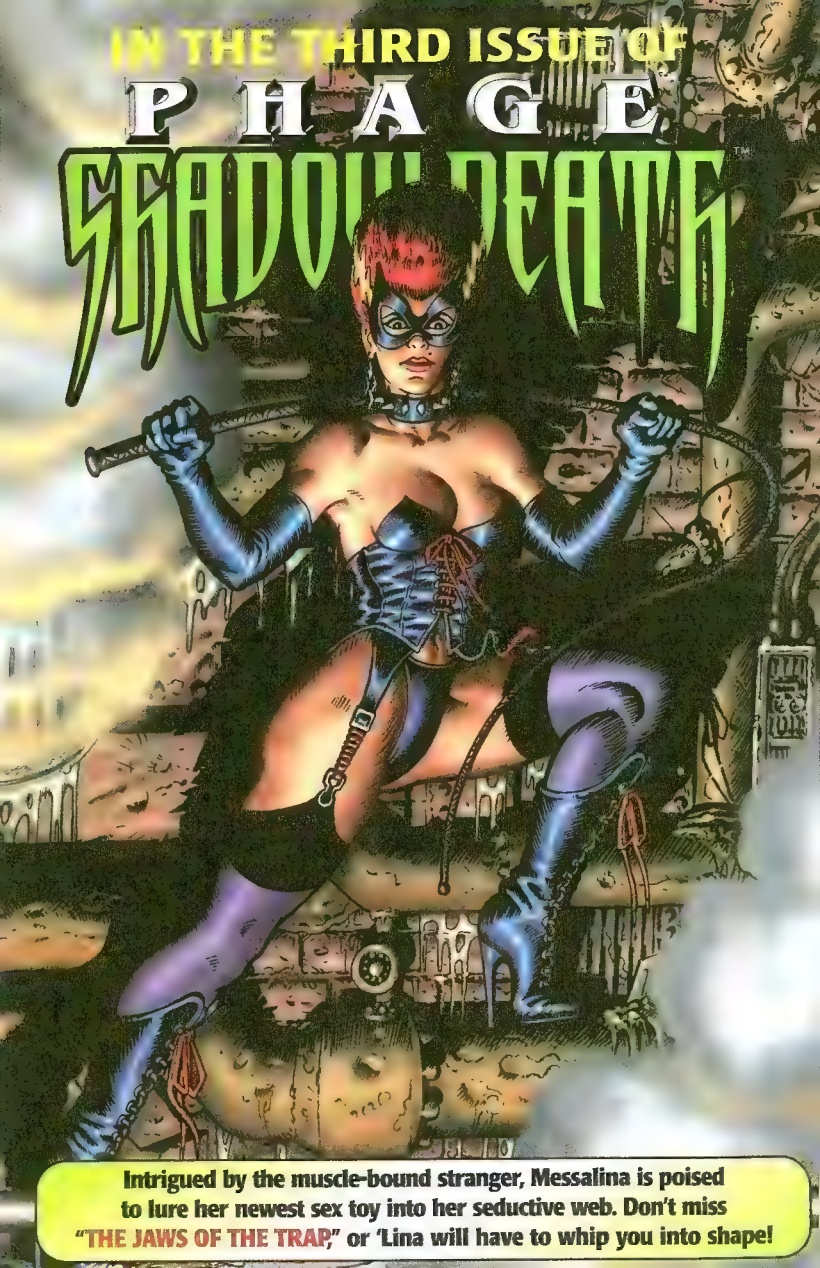
...SO THAT, ONE DAY, HIS WORLD MIGHT ONCE MORE BECOME A PLACE OF GRAND ADVENTURES.

END

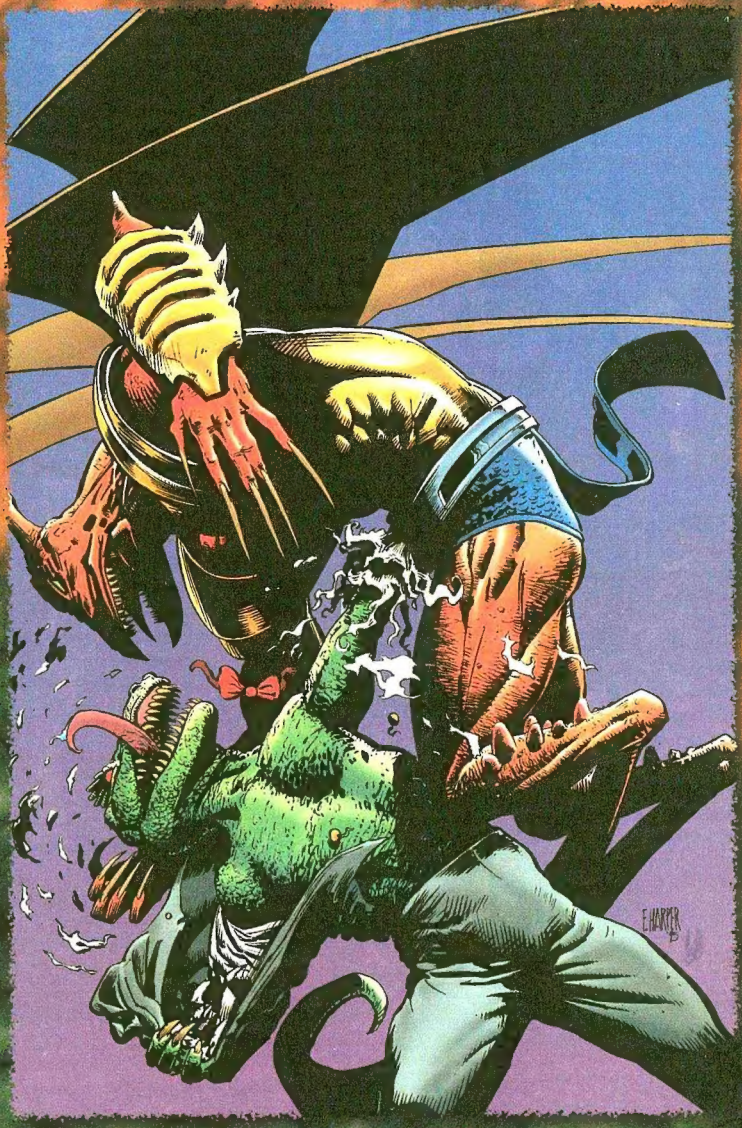
TEKNOPHAGE versus ZEGRUS

ART BY GERALD DECAIRE AND STEVE MITCHELL

COLOR BY PRISMACOLOR



Intrigued by the muscle-bound stranger, Messalina is poised to lure her newest sex toy into her seductive web. Don't miss "THE JAWS OF THE TRAP," or 'Lina will have to whip you into shape!

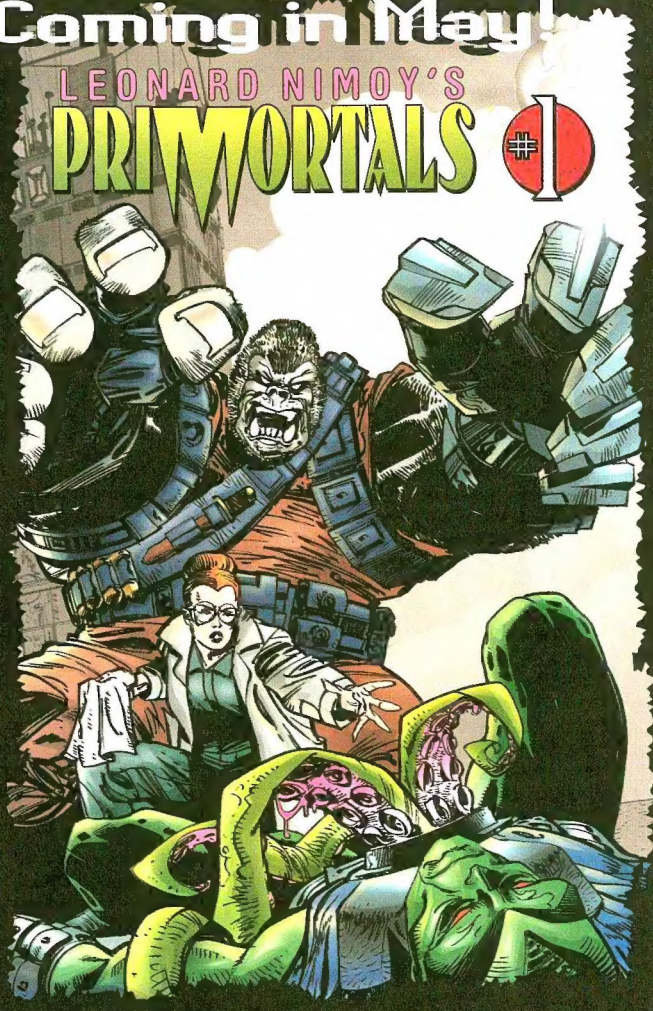


TEKNOPHAGE versus ZEERUS

ART BY FRED HARPER

COLOR BY BRIMSTONE

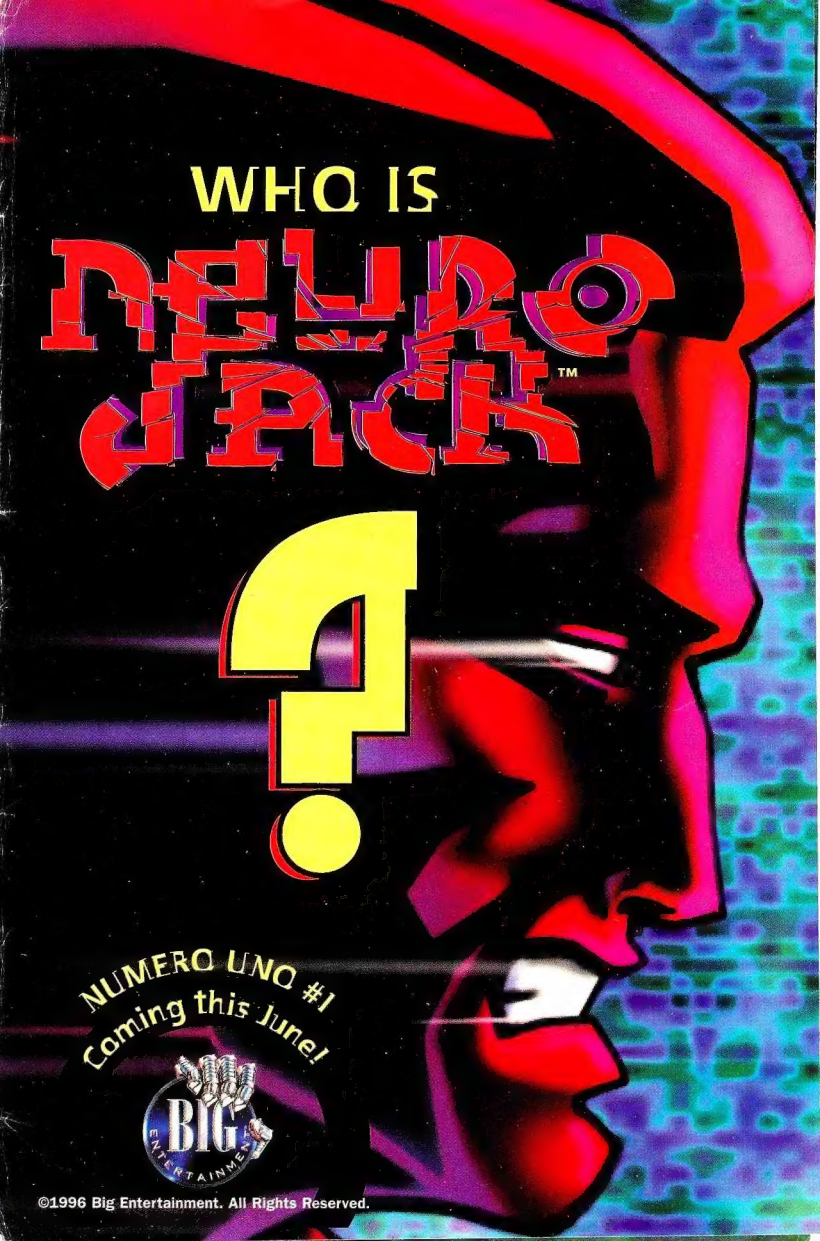
Coming in May!



Next Month, Primaster and the Primortals recover from their epic battle with Zeerus, while humanity breathes a collective sigh of relief. But in the dark depths of space, a mysterious Majae vessel appears and gathers up the Achernar Refugee Fleet!

Could it be bound for Earth?

Welcome new writer Doug Wheeler (*Swamp Thing*™) and penciler Art Nichols who join Mike Barreiro, Ken Bruzenak and Prismacolor as the new force behind *Leonard Nimoy's Primortals*™.



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